N° 258 873

SPRING.

A

POEM.

A

Thomson (James) the Poet. [Seasons.]

K

A

SPRING.

A

POEM.

By Mr. *THOMSON.*

Et nunc omnis Ager, nunc omnis parturit Arbos,
Nunc frondent Silvæ, nunc formoſiſſimus Annus.
VIRG.

LONDON,

Printed: And ſold by A. MILLAR, at *Buchanan*'s Head over-againſt St. *Clement*'s Church in the *Strand*; and G. STRAHAN, at the *Golden Ball* in *Cornhill*.

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[Price 1*s*. 6*d*.]

SPRING.

A

POEM.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Right Honourable the

Countess of HERTFORD.

MADAM,

I HAVE always observed that, in Addresses of this Nature, the general Taste of the World demands ingenious Turns of Wit, and disguised

diſguiſed artful Periods, inſtead of an open Sincerity of Sentiment flowing in a plain Expreſſion. From what ſecret Impatience of the juſteſt Praiſe, when beſtowed on Others, this often proceeds, rather than a pretended Delicacy, is beyond my Purpoſe here to enquire. But as nothing is more foreign to the Diſpoſition of a Soul ſincerely pleaſed with the Contemplation of what is beautiful, and excellent, than Wit and Turn; I have too much Reſpect for your Ladyſhip's Character, either to touch it in that gay, trifling Manner, or venture on a particular Detail

of

of thoſe truly amiable Qualities of which it is compoſed. A Mind exalted, pure, and elegant, a Heart overflowing with Humanity, and the whole Train of Virtues thence derived, that give a pleaſing Spirit to Converſation, an engaging Simplicity to the Manners, and form the Life to Harmony, are rather to be felt, and ſilently admired, than expreſſed. I have attempted, in the following Poem, to paint ſome of the moſt tender Beauties, and delicate Appearances of Nature; how much in vain, your Ladyſhip's Taſte will, I am afraid, but too ſoon diſcover: Yet

would

would it ſtill be a much eaſier Task to find Expreſſion for all that Variety of Colour, Form, and Fragrance, which enrich the Seaſon I deſcribe, than to ſpeak the many nameleſs Graces, and Native Riches of a Mind capable ſo much at once to reliſh Solitude, and adorn Society. To whom then could theſe Sheets be more properly inſcribed than to You, MADAM, whoſe Influence in the World can give them the Protection they want, while your fine Imagination, and intimate Acquaintance with *Rural Nature*, will recommend them with the greateſt

Advan-

Advantage to your favourable Notice? Happy! if I have hit any of thoſe Images, and correſpondent Sentiments, your calm Evening Walks, in the moſt delightful Retirement, have oft inſpired. I could add too, that as this Poem grew up under your Encouragement, it has therefore a natural Claim to your Patronage. Should You read it with Approbation, it's Muſick ſhall not droop; and ſhould it have the good Fortune to deſerve your Smiles, it's Roſes ſhall not wither. But, where the Subject is ſo tempting, leſt I begin

my Poem before the Dedication is ended, I here break ſhort, and beg Leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf, with the higheſt Reſpect,

MADAM,

Your moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THAT the following Poem appears at present in Publick, is not any way in Prejudice of the Proposals I lately Published for Printing the FOUR SEASONS, &c. *by Subscription, but at the Solicitation of some of my Friends who had seen it in Manuscript, and the better to carry on a Work I stand engaged to finish. For* Subscription *is now at its last Gasp, and the World seems to have got the better of that many-headed Monster. However, those Gentlemen and Ladies who have been, or may hereafter be so good as to honour me with their Names, shall have the Book next Winter according to my Proposals: And if it should, in any Degree, be judged worthy their Encouragement, I have my best Reward.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THAT the following Poem appears at present in Public, is not owing to the Prejudice of the Propolals I lately Publish'd for Printing the FOUR SEASONS, &c. by Subscription, but at the Solicitation of some of my Friends who had seen it in Manuscript, and the Letter to carry on a Work I found engaged to finish. For Subscription is more at its ebb Tide, and the World seem to have got the better of that many-headed Monster. However, those Gentlemen and Ladies who have been, or may hereafter be so good as to honour me with their Names, shall have the Book with Letter according to my Proposals: And if it should, in any Degree, be judged worthy their Encouragement, I have my chief Reward.

JAMES THOMSON.

SPRING.

A

POEM.

COME, gentle SPRING, Ætherial Mildneſs, come,
And from the Boſom of yon dropping Cloud,
While Muſic wakes around, veil'd in a Shower
Of ſhadowing Roſes, on our Plains deſcend.

OH HERTFORD, fitted, or to ſhine in Courts
With unaffected Grace, or walk the Plain,
With *Innocence*, and *Meditation* join'd
In ſoft Aſſemblage, liſten to my Song,

Which thy own Seaſon paints, when Nature all
Is blooming, and benevolent like Thee.

And ſee where ſurly WINTER paſſes off,
Far to the North, and calls his ruffian Blaſts;
His Blaſts obey, and quit the howling Hill,
The ſhatter'd Foreſt, and the ravag'd Vale:
While ſofter Gales ſucceed, at whoſe kind Touch,
Diſſolving Snows in ſudden Torrents loſt,
The Mountains lift their green Heads to the Sky.

As yet the trembling Year is unconfirm'd,
And *Winter* oft at Eve reſumes the Breeze,
Chills the pale Morn, and bids his driving Sleets
Deform the Day delightleſs; ſo that ſcarce
The Bittern knows his Time, with Bill ingulpht
To ſhake the ſounding Marſh; or from the Shore
The Plovers theirs, to ſcatter o'er the Heath,
And ſing their wild Notes to the liſtening Waſte.

AT laſt from *Aries* rolls the bounteous Sun,
And the bright *Bull* receives Him. Then no more
Th' expanſive Atmoſphere is cramp'd with Cold,
But full of Life, and vivifying Soul,
Lifts the light Clouds ſublime, and ſpreads them thin,
Fleecy, and white, o'er All-ſurrounding Heaven.

FORTH fly the tepid Aires; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding Earth, the moving Softneſs ſtrays.
Joyous th' impatient Husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his luſty Steers
Drives from their Stalls, to where the well-us'd Plow
Lies in the Furrow looſen'd from the Froſt.
There, unrefuſing to the harneſs'd yoke,
They lend their Shoulder, and begin their Toil,
Chear'd by the ſimple Song, and ſoaring Lark.
Mean-while incumbent o'er the ſhining Share
The Maſter leans, removes th' obſtructing Clay,
Winds the whole Work, and ſide-long lays the Glebe.

WHITE thro' the neighbring Fields the Sower ſtalks,
With meaſur'd Step, and liberal throws the Grain
Into the faithful Boſom of the Earth.
The Harrow follows harſh, and ſhuts the Scene.

BE gracious, *Heaven!* for now laborious Man
Has done his Due. Ye foſtering Breezes blow!
Ye ſoftening Dews, ye tender Showers deſcend!
And temper all, thou influential Sun,
Into the perfect Year! Nor, Ye who live
In Luxury and Eaſe, in Pomp and Pride,
Think theſe loſt Themes unworthy of your Ear.
'Twas ſuch as theſe the *Rural Maro* ſung
To the full *Roman* Court, in all it's height
Of Elegance and Taſte. The ſacred Plow
Employ'd the Kings and Fathers of Mankind,
In antient Times. And Some, with whom compar'd
You're but the Beings of a Summer's Day,
Have held the Scale of Juſtice, ſhook the Launce

Of mighty War, then with deſcending Hand,
Unus'd to little Delicacies, ſeiz'd
The Plow, and greatly independant liv'd.

YE generous *Britons* cultivate the Plow!
And o'er your Hills, and long with-drawing Vales,
Let *Autumn* ſpread his Treaſures to the Sun,
Luxuriant, and unbounded. As the Sea,
Far thro' his azure, turbulent Extent,
Your Empire owns, and from a thouſand Shores
Wafts all the Pomp of Life into your Ports,
So with ſuperior Boon may your rich Soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better Bleſſings pour
O'er every Land; the naked Nations cloath,
And be th' exhauſtleſs Granary of the World.

NOR thro' the lenient Air alone, this Change
Delicious breathes; the penetrative Sun,
His Force deep-darting to the dark Retreat
Of Vegetation, ſets the ſteaming Power

At large, to wander o'er the vernant Earth
In various Hues, but chiefly Thee, gay *Green!*
Thou ſmiling *Nature*'s univerſal Robe!
United Light and Shade! where the Sight dwells
With growing Strength, and ever-new Delight!

FROM the moiſt Meadow to the brown-brow'd Hill,
Led by the Breeze, the vivid Verdure runs,
And ſwells, and deepens to the cheriſh'd Eye.
The Hawthorn whitens; and the juicy Groves
Put forth their Buds, unfolding by Degrees,
Till the whole leafy Foreſt ſtands diſplay'd
In full Luxuriance, to the ſighing Gales,
While the Deer ruſtle thro' the twining Brake,
And the Birds ſing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the Colours of the flufhing Year,
By *Nature*'s ſwift and ſecret-working Hand,
The Garden glows, and fills the liberal Air
With laviſh Fragrance; while the promis'd Fruit
Lies yet a little Embrio, unperceiv'd,

Within it's Crimſon Folds. Now from the Town
Buried in Smoak, and Sleep, and noiſome Damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy Fields,
Where Freſhneſs breathes, and daſh the lucid Drops
From the bent Buſh, as thro' the fuming Maze
Of Sweet-Briar Hedges I purſue my Walk;
Or taſte the Smell of Dairy; or aſcend
Some Eminence, *Auguſta*, in thy Plains,
And ſee the Country far-diffus'd around
One boundleſs Bluſh, one ſnow-empurpled Shower
Of mingled Bloſſoms; where the raptur'd Eye
Travels from Joy to Joy, and, hid beneath
The fair Profuſion, yellow *Autumn* ſpies,

If bruſh'd from *Ruſſian* Wilds a cutting Gale
Riſe not, and ſcatter from his foggy Wings
The bitter Mildew, or dry-blowing breatho
Untimely Froſt; before whoſe baleful Blaſt,
The full-blown *Spring* thro' all her Foliage ſhrinks,
Into a ſmutty, wide-dejected Waſte.

For oft engender'd by the hazy North,
Myriads on Myriads, Inſect-Armies waſt
Keen in the poiſon'd Breeze; and waſteful eat
Thro' Buds, and Bark, even to the Heart of Oak
Their eager Way. A feeble Race! ſcarce ſeen,
Save to the prying Eye; yet Famine waits
On their corroſive Courſe, and ſtarves the Year.
Sometimes o'er Cities as they ſteer their Flight,
Where riſing Vapour melts their Wings away,
Gaz'd by th' aſtoniſh'd Crowd, the horrid Shower
Deſcends. And hence the skillful Farmer Chaff
And blazing Straw before his Orchard burns,
Till all involv'd in Smoak the latent Foe
From every Cranny ſuffocated falls;
Or Onions ſteaming hot beneath his Trees
Expoſes, fatal to the froſty Tribe:
Nor, from their friendly Task, the buſy Bill
Of little trooping Birds inſtinctive ſcares.

THESE are not idle Philoſophic Dreams;
Full Nature ſwarms with Life. Th' unfaithful Fen

In

In putrid Steams emits the living Cloud
Of Peſtilence. Thro' ſubterranean Cells,
Where ſearching Sun-Beams never found a Way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery Leaf
Wants not it's ſoft Inhabitants. The Stone,
Hard as it is, in every winding Pore
Holds Multitudes. But chief the Foreſt-Boughs,
Which dance unnumber'd to th' inſpiring Breeze,
The downy Orchard, and the melting Pulp
Of mellow Fruit the nameleſs Nations feed
Of evaneſcent Inſects. Where the Pool
Stands mantled o'er with Green, inviſible,
Amid the floating Verdure Millions ſtray.
Each Liquid too, whether of acid Taſte,
Milky, or ſtrong, with various Forms abounds.
Nor is the lucid Stream, nor the pure Air,
Tho' one tranſparent Vacancy they ſeem,
Devoid of theirs. Even Animals ſubſiſt
On Animals, in infinite Deſcent;
And all ſo fine adjuſted, that the Loſs

Of the leaſt Species would diſturb the whole.
Stranger than this th' inſpective Glaſs confirms,
And to the Curious gives th' amazing Scenes
Of leſsning Life; by *Wiſdom* kindly hid
From Eye, and Ear of Man: for if at once
The Worlds in Worlds enclos'd were puſh'd to Light,
Seen by his ſharpen'd Eye, and by his Ear
Intenſely bended Heard, from the choice Cate,
The freſheſt Viands, and the brighteſt Wines,
He'd turn abhorrent, and in Dead of Night,
When Silence ſleeps o'er all, be ſtun'd with Noiſe.

The North-Eaſt ſpends his Rage, and now ſhut up
Within his Iron Caves, th' effuſive South
Warms the wide Air, and o'er the Void of Heaven
Breathes the big Clouds with vernal Showers diſtent.
At firſt a dusky Wreath they ſeem to riſe,
Scarce ſtaining Æther; but by faſt Degrees,
In Heaps on Heaps, the doubling Vapour ſails
Along the loaded Sky, and mingling thick
Sits on th' Horizon round a ſettled Gloom.

Not

Not ſuch as wintry Storms on Mortals ſhed
Oppreſſing Life, but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every Hope, and every Joy,
The Wiſh of Nature. Gradual ſinks the Breeze
Into a perfect Calm; that not a Breath
Is heard to quiver thro' the cloſing Woods,
Or ruſtling turn the many-twinkling Leaves
Of Aſpin tall. Th' uncurling Floods, diffus'd
In glaſſy Breadth, ſeem thro' deluſive Lapſe
Forgetful of their Courſe. 'Tis Silence all,
And pleaſing Expectation. Herds and Flocks
Drop the dry Sprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling Verdure. Huſh'd in ſhort Suſpenſe
The plumy People ſtreak their Wings with Oil,
And wait th' approaching Sign to ſtrike at once
Into the general Choir. Ev'n Mountains, Vales,
And Foreſts ſeem expanſive to demand
The promis'd Sweetneſs. Man ſuperior walks
Amid the glad Creation, muſing Praiſe,
And looking lively Gratitude. At laſt

The Clouds conſign their Treaſures to the Fields,
And, ſoftly ſhaking on the dimply Pool
Preluſive Drops, let all their Moiſture flow
In large Effuſion o'er the freſhen'd World.
'Tis ſcarce to patter heard, the ſtealing Shower,
By ſuch as wander thro' the Foreſt-Walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous Multitude of Leaves.
But who would hold the Shade, while *Heaven* deſcends
In univerſal Bounty, ſhedding Herbs,
And Fruits, and Flowers, on *Nature*'s ample Lap?
Imagination fir'd prevents their Growth,
And while the verdant Nutriment diſtills,
Beholds the kindling Country colour round.

THUS all Day long the full-diſtended Clouds
Indulge their genial Stores, and well-ſhowr'd Earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable Life;
Till, in the Weſtern Sky, the downward Sun
Looks out illuſtrious from amid the Fluſh
Of broken Clouds, gay-ſhifting to his Beam.

The

The rapid Radiance inſtantaneous ſtrikes
Th' illumin'd Mountain, thro' the Foreſt ſtreams,
Shakes on the Floods, and in a yellow Miſt,
Far-ſmoaking o'er th' interminable Plain,
In twinkling Myriads lights the dewy Gems.
Moiſt, bright, and green, the Landskip laughs around.
Full ſwell the Woods; their every Muſick wakes,
Mix'd in wild Conſort with the warbling Brooks
Increas'd, th' unnumber'd Bleatings of the Hills,
The hollow Lows reſponſive from the Vales,
Whence blending all the ſweeten'd Zephir ſprings.
Mean-time retracted from yon Eaſtern Cloud,
Beſtriding Earth, the grand ætherial Bow
Shoots up immenſe! and every Hue unfolds,
In fair Proportion, running from the Red,
To where the Violet fades into the Sky.
Here, mighty *Newton*, the diſſolving Clouds
Are, as they ſcatter round, thy numerous Priſm,
Untwiſting to the Philoſophic Eye
The various Twine of Light, by Thee purſu'd

Thro'

Thro' all the mingling Maze. Not ſo the Swain;
He wondering views the bright Enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant Fields, and runs
To catch the falling Glory, but amaz'd
Beholds th' amuſive Arch before him fly,
Then vaniſh quite away. Still Night ſucceeds,
A ſoften'd Shade; and ſaturated Earth
Awaits the Morning Beam, to give again,
Tranſmuted ſoon by Nature's Chymiſtry,
The blooming Bleſſings of the former Day.

THEN ſpring the living Herbs, profuſely wild
O'er all the deep-green Earth, beyond the Power
Of *Botaniſt* to number up their Tribes;
Whether he ſteals along the lonely Dale
In ſilent Search; or thro' the Foreſt, rank
With what the dull Incurious Weeds account,
Burſts his blind Way; or climbs the Mountain-Rock,
Fir'd by the nodding Verdure of its Brow.
With ſuch a liberal Hand has *Nature* ſtung

Their

Their Seeds abroad, blown them about in Winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nurſing Mold,
The moiſtening Current, and prolific Rain.

BUT who their Virtues can declare? who pierce
With holy Eye into theſe ſecret Stores
Of Life, and Health, and Joy? The Food of Man
While yet he liv'd in Innocence, and told
A Length of golden Years, unfleſh'd in Blood,
A Stranger to the Savage Arts of Life,
Death, Rapine, Carnage, Surfeit, and Diſeaſe,
The Lord, and not the Tyrant of the World.

THEN the glad Morning wak'd the gladden'd Race
Of uncorrupted Men, nor bluſh'd to ſee
The Sluggard ſleep beneath her ſacred Beam.
For their light Slumbers gently fum'd away,
And up they roſe as vigorous as the Sun,
Or to the Culture of the willing Glebe,
Or to the chearful Tendance of the Flock.

Mean-

Mean-time the Song went round; and Dance, and Sport,
Wiſdom, and friendly Talk ſucceſſive ſtole
Their Hours away. While in the roſy Vale
Love breath'd his Infant Sighs, from Anguiſh free,
Fragrant with Bliſs, and only wept for Joy.
Nor yet injurious Act, nor ſurly Deed
Was known among theſe happy Sons of Heaven;
For Reaſon and Benevolence were Law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd ſmiling on.
Clean ſhone the Skies, cool'd with eternal Gales,
And balmy Spirit all. The youthful Sun
Shot his beſt Rays; and ſtill the gracious Clouds
Drop'd Fatneſs down; as o'er the ſwelling Mead
The Herds and Flocks commixing play'd ſecure.
Which when, emergent from the gloomy Wood,
The glaring Lyon ſaw, his horrid Heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his ſullen Joy.
For Muſick held the whole in perfect Peace:
Soft ſigh'd the Flute; the tender Voice was heard
Warbling the joyous Heart; the Woodlands round

Apply'd

Apply'd their Quire; and Winds and Waters flow'd
In Conſonance. --- Such were theſe Prime of Days.

THIS to the *Poets* gave the golden Age;
When, as they ſung in Allegoric Phraze,
The Sailor-Pine had not the Nations yet
In Commerce mix'd; for every Country teem'd
With every Thing. Spontaneous Harveſts wav'd
Still in a Sea of yellow Plenty round.
The Foreſt was the Vineyard, where untaught
To climb, unprun'd, and wild, the juicy Grape
Burſt into Floods of Wine. The knotted Oak
Shook from his Boughs the long tranſparent Streams
Of Honey, creeping thro' the matted Graſs.
Th' uncultivated Thorn a ruddy Shower
Of Fruitage ſhed, on ſuch as ſat below,
In blooming Eaſe, and from brown Labour free,
Save what the copious Gathering, grateful, gave.
The Rivers foam'd with Nectar; or diffuſe,
Silent, and ſoft, the milky Maze devolv'd.

Nor had the ſpongy, full-expanded Fleece
Yet drunk the *Tyrian* Die. The ſtately Ram
Shone thro' the Mead, in native Purple clad,
Or milder Saffron; and the dancing Lamb
The vivid Crimſon to the Sun diſclos'd.
Nothing had Power to hurt; the ſavage Soul,
Yet untranſfus'd into the Tyger's Heart,
Burn'd not his Bowels, nor his gameſome Paw
Drove on the fleecy Partners of his Play:
While from the flowery Brake the Serpent roll'd
His faireſt Spires, and play'd his pointleſs Tongue.

But now what-e'er theſe gaudy Fables meant,
And the white Minutes that they ſhadow'd out,
Are found no more amid theſe Iron Times,
Theſe Dregs of Life! in which the Human Mind
Has loſt that Harmony ineffable,
Which forms the Soul of Happineſs; and all
Is off the Poiſe within; the Paſſions all
Have burſt their Bounds; and Reaſon half extinct,

Or

Or impotent, or elſe approving, ſees
The foul Diſorder. Anger ſtorms at large,
Without an equal Cauſe; and fell Revenge
Supports the falling Rage. Cloſe Envy bites
With venom'd Tooth; while weak, unmanly Fear,
Full of frail Fancies, looſens every Power.
Even Love itſelf is Bitterneſs of Soul,
A pleaſing Anguiſh pining at the Heart.
Hope ſickens with Extravagance; and Grief,
Of Life impatient, into Madneſs ſwells,
Or in dead Silence waſtes the weeping Hours.
Theſe, and a thouſand new Emotions more,
That from their Mixture ſpring, diſtract the Mind
With endleſs Tumult. Whence reſulting riſe
The ſelfiſh Thought, a liſtleſs Inconcern,
Cold, and averting from our Neighbour's Good;
Then dark Diſguſt, and Malice, winding Wiles,
Sneaking Deceit, and Coward Villany:
At laſt unruly Hatred, lewd Reproach,
Convulſive Wrath, and thoughtleſs Fury quick

To every evil Deed. Even Nature's ſelf
Is deem'd vindictive, to have chang'd her Courſe.

HENCE in old Time, they ſay, a Deluge came;
When the dry-crumbling Orb of Earth, which arch'd
Th' impriſon'd Deep around, impetuous ruſh'd,
With Ruin inconceivable, at once
Into the Gulph, and o'er the higheſt Hills
Wide-daſh'd the Waves, in Undulation vaſt:
Till from the Centre to the ſtreaming Clouds
A ſhoreleſs Ocean tumbled round the Globe.

THE *Seaſons* ſince, as hoar *Tradition* tells,
Have kept their conſtant Chace; the *Winter* keen
Pour'd out his Waſte of Snows, and *Summer* ſhot
His peſtilential Heats: great *Spring* before
Green'd all the Year; and Fruits and Bloſſoms bluſh'd
In ſocial Sweetneſs on the ſelf-ſame Bough.
Clear was the temperate Air; an even Calm
Perpetual reign'd, ſave what the Zephirs bland

Breath'd

Breath'd o'er the blue Expanſe; for then nor Storms
Were taught to blow, nor Hurricanes to rage;
Sound ſlept the Waters: no ſulphureous Glooms
Swell'd in the Sky, and ſent the Lightning forth:
While ſickly Damps, and cold Autumnal Fogs
Sat not pernicious on the Springs of Life.
But now from clear to cloudy, moiſt to dry,
And hot to cold, in reſtleſs Change revolv'd,
Our drooping Days are dwindled down to nought,
The fleeting Shadow of a Winter's Sun.

And yet the wholeſome Herb neglected dies
In lone Obſcurity, unpriz'd for Food,
Altho' the pure, exhilerating Soul
Of Nutriment, and Health, ſalubrious breathes,
By *Heaven* infus'd, along it's ſecret Tubes.
For, with hot Ravine fir'd, enſanguin'd Man
Is now become the Lyon of the Plain,
And worſe. The Wolf, who from the nightly Fold
Fierce-drags the bleating Prey, ne'er drunk her Milk,

Nor wore her warming Fleece: nor has the Steer,
At whoſe ſtrong Cheſt the deadly Tyger hangs,
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With Hunger ſtung, and wild Neceſſity,
Nor lodges Pity in their ſhaggy Breaſts.
But *Man*, whom *Nature* form'd of milder Clay,
With every kind Emotion in his Heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her Lap
She pours ten thouſand Delicacies, Herbs,
And Fruits as numerous as the drops of Rain,
And Beams which gave them Birth: ſhall He, fair Form!
Who wears ſweet Smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er ſtoop to mingle with the prowling Herd,
And dip his Tongue in Blood? The Beaſt of Prey,
'Tis true, deſerves the Fate in which He deals;
Him from the Thicket let the hardy Youth
Provoke, and foaming thro' th' awakened Woods
With every Nerve purſue. But You, ye Flocks,
What have ye done? ye peaceful People, what,
To merit Death? You, who have given us Milk

In luſcious Streams, and lent us your own Coat
Againſt the Winter's Cold; whoſe Uſefulneſs
In living only lies. And the plain Ox,
That harmleſs, honeſt, guileleſs Animal,
In what has He offended? He, whoſe Toil,
Patient, and ever-ready, cloaths the Fields
With all the Pomp of Harveſt; ſhall He bleed,
And wreſtling groan beneath the cruel Hands
Even of the Clowns he feeds? And that perhaps
To ſwell the Riot of the gathering Feaſt,
Won by his Labour. Thus the feeling Heart
Would tenderly ſuggeſt. But 'tis enough,
In this late Age, adventurous to have touch'd
Light on the Numbers of the *Samian* Sage.
High *Heaven* beſide forbids the daring Strain,
Whoſe wiſeſt Will has fix'd us in a State,
Which muſt not yet to pure Perfection riſe.

But yonder breathing Proſpect bids the Muſe
Throw all her Beauty forth, that Daubing all

Will be to what I gaze; for who can paint
Like *Nature?* Can *Imagination* boaſt
Amid his gay Creation Hues like Her's?
And can He mix them with that matchleſs Skill,
And lay them on ſo delicately ſweet,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In every Bud that blows? If Fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the lovely Task;
Ah what ſhall Language do? Ah where find Words
Ting'd with ſo many Colours? And whoſe Power
To Life approaching, may perfume my Lays
With that fine Oil, theſe aromatic Gales,
Which inexhauſtive flow continual round.

YET, tho' ſucceſsleſs, will the Toil delight.
Come then ye Virgins, and ye Youths, whoſe Hearts
Have felt the Raptures of refining Love,
Oh come, and while the roſy-footed *May*
Steals bluſhing on, together let us walk
The Morning Dews, and gather in their Prime

Freſh-

Freſh-blooming Flavours, to deck the flowing Hair,
And for a Breaſt which can improve their Sweets.

SEE, where the winding Vale her laviſh Stores,
Irriguous, ſpreads. See, how the Lilly drinks
The latent Rill, ſcarce oozing thro' the Graſs
Of Growth luxuriant, or the humid Bank
Profuſely climbs. Turgent, in every Pore
The Gummy Moiſture ſhines, new Luſtre lends,
And feeds the Spirit that diffuſive round
Refreſhes all the Dale. Long let us walk,
Where the Breeze blows from yon extended Field
Of bloſſom'd Beans: *Arabia* cannot boaſt
A fuller Gale of Joy than, liberal, thence
Breathes thro' the Senſe, and takes the raviſh'd Soul.
Nor is the Meadow worthleſs of our Foot,
Full of freſh Verdure, and unnumber'd Flowers,
The Negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild,
Where, undiſguis'd by mimic *Art*, ſhe ſhows
Unbounded Beauty to the boundleſs Eye.

'Tis

'Tis here that their delicious Task the Bees,
In ſwarming Millions, tend. Around, athwart,
This Way and that, the buſy Nations fly,
Cling to the Bud, and, with inſerted Tube,
It's Soul, it's Sweetneſs, and it's Manna ſuck.
The little Chymiſt thus, all-moving *Heaven*
Has taught. And oft, of bolder Wing, he dares
The Purple Heath, or where the Wild-Thyme grows,
And yellow loads him with the luſcious Spoil.

At length the finiſh'd Garden to the View
It's Viſtas opens, and it's Alleys green.
Snatch'd thro' the verdant Maze, the hurried Eye
Diſtracted wanders; now the bowery Walk
Of Covert cloſe, where ſcarce a Speck of Day
Falls on the lengthen'd Gloom, protracted darts;
Now meets the bending Sky, the River now
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled Lake,
The Foreſt running round, the riſing Spire,
Th' ætherial Mountain, and the diſtant Main.

But

But why ſo far excurſive? When at Hand,
Along the bluſhing Borders, dewy-bright,
And in yon mingled Wilderneſs of Flowers,
Fair-handed *Spring* unboſoms every Grace;
Throws out the Snow-Drop, and the Crocus firſt,
The Daiſy, Primroſe, Violet darkly blue,
Soft-bending Cowſlips, and of nameleſs Dies
Anemonies, Auriculas, a Tribe
Peculiar powder'd with a ſhining Sand,
Renunculas, and Iris many-hued.
Then comes the Tulip-Race, where Beauty plays
Her gayeſt Freaks; from Family diffus'd
To Family, as flies the Father-Duſt,
The varied Colours run; and while they break
On the charm'd *Floriſt*'s Eye, he wondering ſtands,
And new-fluſh'd Glories all ecſtatic marks.
Nor Hyacinths are wanting, nor Junquils
Of potent Fragrance, nor Narciſſus white,
Nor deep Carnations, nor enamel'd Pinks,
And ſhowr'd from every Buſh the Damask-Roſe.

Infinite Numbers, Delicacies, Smells,
With Hues on Hues Expreſſion cannot paint,
The Breath of *Nature*, and her endleſs Bloom.

HAIL, *Mighty Being! Univerſal Soul*
Of Heaven and Earth! *Eſſential Preſence*, hail!
To *Thee* I bend the Knee, to *Thee* my Thoughts
Continual climb, who, with a Maſter-Hand,
Haſt the great Whole into Perfection touch'd.
By *Thee* the various vegetative Tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy Net, and clad with Leaves,
Draw the live Æther, and imbibe the Dew.
By *Thee* diſpos'd into cogenial Soils
Stands each attractive Plant, and ſucks, and ſwells
The juicy Tide, a twining Maſs of Tubes.
At *Thy* Command, the vernal Sun awakes
The torpid Sap, detruded to the Root
By Wintry Winds, that now, in fluent Dance
And lively Fermentation, mounting, ſpreads
All this innumerous-colour'd Scene of things.

ASCEND-

ASCENDING from the vegetable World
To higher Life, with equal Wing aſcend,
My panting Muſe; and hark, how loud the Woods
Invite you forth in all your gayeſt Trim.
Lend me your Song, ye Nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running Soul of Melody
Into my varied Verſe! while I deduce,
From the firſt Note the hollow Cuckoo ſings,
The Symphony of *Spring*, and touch a Theme
Unknown to Fame, the Paſſion of the Groves.

JUST as the Spirit of Love is ſent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital Air, and on their Hearts
Harmonious ſeizes, the gay Troops begin
In gallant Thought to plume their painted Wings;
And try again the long-forgotten Strain,
At firſt faint-warbled. But no ſooner grows
The ſoft Infuſion prevalent, and wide,
Than all alive at once their Joy o'erflows
In Muſic unconfin'd. Up-ſprings the Lark,

Shrill-

Shrill-voiced, and loud, the Meſſenger of Morn;
Ere yet the Shadows fly, He mounted ſings
Amid the dawning Clouds, and from their Haunts
Calls up the tuneful Nations. Every Copſe
Thick-wove, and Tree irregular, and Buſh,
Bending with dewy Moiſture o'er the Heads
Of the coy Quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of Harmony. The Thruſh,
And Wood-Lark, o'er the kind-contending Throng
Superior heard, run thro' the ſweeteſt Length
Of Notes, when liſtening *Philomela* deigns
To let them joy, and purpoſes, in Thought
Elate, to make her Night excel their Day.
The Black-bird whiſtles from the thorny Brake;
The mellow Bull-finch anſwers from the Grove:
Nor are the Linnets, o'er the flowering Furze,
Pour'd out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to Theſe,
Thouſands beſide, thick as the covering Leaves
They warble under, or the nitid Hues
Which ſpeck them o'er, their Modulations mix

Melli-

Mellifluous. The Jay, the Rook, the Daw,
And all theſe jangling Pipes, when heard alone,
Here aid the Conſort: while the Wood-Dove breathes
A melancholy Murmur thro' the whole.

'Tis Love creates their Gaiety, and all
This Waſte of Muſic is the Voice of Love;
Which even to Birds, and Beaſts, the tender Arts
Of Pleaſing teaches. Hence the gloſſy Kind
Try every winning Way inventive Love
Can dictate, and in fluttering Courtſhip pour
Their little Souls before Her. Wide around,
Reſpectful, firſt in airy Rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thouſand Tricks to catch
The cunning, conſcious, half-averted Glance
Of their regardleſs Charmer. Should ſhe ſeem
Softening the leaſt Approvance to beſtow,
Their Colours burniſh, and by Hope inſpir'd
They briſk advance; then on a ſudden ſtruck
Retire diſorder'd; then again approach,

And

And throwing out the laſt Efforts of Love,
In fond Rotation ſpread the ſpotted Wing,
And ſhiver every Feather with Deſire.

CONNUBIAL Leagues agreed, to the deep Woods
They haſte away, each as their Fancy leads,
Pleaſure, or Food, or latent Safety prompts;
That *Nature*'s great Command may be obey'd,
Nor all theſe ſweet Senſations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the Holly-Hedge
Neſtling repair, and to the Thicket ſome;
Some to the rude Protection of the Thorn
Reſolve to truſt their Young. The clefted Tree
Offers it's kind Concealment to a Few,
Their Food it's Inſects, and it's Moſs their Neſts.
Others apart far in the graſſy Dale
Their humble Texture weave. But moſt delight
In unfrequented Glooms, or ſhaggy Banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling Brook,
Whoſe Murmurs ſooth them all the live-long Day,

When for a Seaſon fix'd. Among the Roots
Of Hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive Stream,
They frame the firſt Foundation of their Domes,
Dry Sprigs of Trees, in artful Manner laid,
And bound with Clay together. Now 'tis nought
But Hurry Hurry thro' the buſy Air,
Beat by unnumber'd Wings. The Swallow ſweeps
The ſlimy Pool, to build his hanging Houſe
Ingeniouſly intent. Oft from the Back
Of Herds and Flocks a thouſand tugging Bills
Pluck Hair, and Wool, and oft when unobſerv'd
Steal from the Barn the Straw; till ſoft, and warm,
Clean, and compleat, their Habitation grows.

MEAN-TIME the patient Dam aſſiduous ſits,
Not to be tempted from her tender Task,
Or by ſharp Hunger, or by ſmooth Delight,
Tho' the whole looſen'd Spring around her blows,
Her ſympathizing Lover takes his Stand
High on th' opponent Bank, and ceaſeleſs ſings

The tedious Time away; or elſe ſupplies
Her Place a Moment, while ſhe ſudden flits
To pick the ſcanty Meal. Th' appointed Time
With pious Toil fulfill'd, the callow Young
Warm'd, and expanded into perfect Life,
Their brittle Bondage break, and come to Light,
A helpleſs Family, demanding Food
With conſtant Clamour. Oh what Paſſions then,
What melting Sentiments of kindly Care
Seize the new Parents' Hearts! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undeſiring bear
The moſt delicious Morſel to their Young,
Which equally diſtributed, again
The Search begins. So pitiful, and poor,
A gentle Pair on Providential *Heaven*
Caſt, as they weeping eye their clamant Train,
Check their own Appetites, and give them all.

Nor is the Courage of the fearful Kind,
Nor is their Cunning leſs, ſhould ſome rude Foot

Their Woody Haunts moleſt; ſtealthy aſide
Into the Centre of a neighbring Buſh
They drop, and whirring thence alarm'd, deceive
The rambling School-Boy. Hence around the Head
Of Traveller, the white-wing'd Plover wheels
Her ſounding Flight, and then directly on
In long Excurſion skims the level Lawn,
To tempt you from her Neſt. The Wild-Duck hence
O'er the rough Moſs, and o'er the trackleſs Waſte
The Heath-Hen flutters, as if hurt, to lead
The hot, purſuing Spaniel far aſtray.

Be not the Muſe aſham'd, here to bemoan
Her Brothers of the Grove, by Tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow Cage
From Liberty confin'd, and boundleſs Air.
Dull are the pretty Slaves, their Plumage dull,
Ragged, and all it's brightning Luſtre loſt;
Nor is that luſcious Wildneſs in their Notes
That warbles from the Beech. Oh then deſiſt,

Ye Friends of Harmony! this barbarous Art
Forbear, if Innocence and Muſic can
Win on your Hearts, or Piety perſwade.

But let not chief the Nightingale lament
Her ruin'd Care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harſh Confinement of the Cage.
Oft when returning with her loaded Bill,
Th' aſtoniſh'd Mother finds a vacant Neſt,
By the hard Hands of unrelenting Clowns
Rob'd, to the Ground the vain Proviſion falls;
Her Pinions ruffle, and low-drooping ſcarce
Can bear the Mourner to the Poplar Shade,
Where all-abandon'd to Deſpair ſhe ſings
Her Sorrows thro' the Night; and, on the Bough
Sad-ſitting, ſtill at every dying Fall
Takes up again her lamentable Strain
Of winding Woe, till wide around the Woods
Sigh at her Song, and with her Wail reſound.

And now the feather'd Youth their former Bounds
Ardent diſdain, and weighing oft their Wings,
Demand the free Poſſeſſion of the Sky.
But this glad Office more, and then diſſolves
Parental Love at once; for needleſs grown,
Unlaviſh *Wiſdom* never works in vain.
'Tis on ſome Evening, ſunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but Balm is breathing thro' the Woods,
With yellow Luſtre bright, that the new Tribes
Viſit the ſpacious Heavens, and look abroad
On *Nature*'s Common, far as they can ſee,
Or wing, their Range, and Paſture. O'er the Boughs
Dancing about, ſtill at the giddy Verge
Their Reſolution fails; their Pinions ſtill,
In looſe Libration ſtretch'd, the void Abrupt
Trembling refuſe: till down before them fly
The Parent-Guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or puſh them off. The ſurging Air receives
The plumy Burden; and their ſelf-taught Wings
Winnow the waving Element. On Ground

Alighted bolder, up again they lead
Farther and farther on the lengthning Flight;
Till vaniſh'd every Fear, and every Power
Rouz'd into Life, and Action, in the Void
Th' exoner'd Parents ſee their ſoaring Race,
And once rejoicing, never know them more.

HIGH from the Summit of a craggy Cliff,
Hung o'er the green Sea grudging at it's Baſe,
The Royal Eagle draws his Young, reſolv'd
To try them at the Sun. Strong-pounc'd, and bright
As burniſh'd Day, they up the blue Sky wind,
Leaving dull Sight below, and with fixt Gaze
Drink in their native Noon: The Father-King
Claps his glad Pinions, and approves the Birth.

AND ſhould I wander to the Rural Seat,
Whoſe aged Oaks, and venerable Gloom
Invite the noiſy Rook, with Pleaſure there,
I might the various Polity ſurvey

Of the mixt Houſhold Kind. The careful Hen
Calls all her chirping Family around,
Fed, and defended by the fearleſs Cock,
Whoſe Breaſt with Ardour flames, as on he walks
Graceful, and crows Defiance. In the Pond,
The finely-checker'd Duck, before her Train,
Rows garrulous. The ſtately-ſailing Swan
Gives out his ſnowy Plumage to the Gale,
And, arching proud his Neck, with oary Feet
Bears onward fierce, and beats you from the Bank,
Protective of his Young. The Turkey nigh,
Loud-threatning, reddens; while the Peacock ſpreads
His every-colour'd Glory to the Sun,
And ſwims in floating Majeſty along.
O'er the whole homely Scene, the cooing Dove
Flies thick in amorous Chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing Eye, and turns the changeful Neck.

While thus the gentle Tenants of the Shade
Indulge their purer Loves, the rougher World

Of Brutes below ruſh furious into Flame,
And fierce Deſire. Thro' all his luſty Veins
The Bull, deep-ſcorcht, receives the raging Fire.
Of Paſture ſick, and negligent of Food,
Scarce-ſeen, he wades among the yellow Broom,
While o'er his brawny Back the rambling Sprays
Luxuriant ſhoot; or thro' the mazy Wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' inticing Bud
Crops, tho' it preſſes on his careleſs Senſe:
For, wrapt in mad Imagination, he
Roars for the Fight, and idly butting feigns
A Rival gor'd in every knotty Trunk.
Such ſhould he meet, the bellowing War begins;
Their Eyes flaſh Fury; to the hollow'd Earth,
Whence the Sand flies, they mutter bloody Deeds,
And groaning vaſt th' impetuous Battel mix:
While the fair Heifer, redolent, in View
Stands kindling up their Rage. The trembling Steed,
With this hot Impulſe ſeiz'd in every Nerve,
Nor hears the Rein, nor heeds the ſounding Whip;

Blows are not felt; but toſſing high his Head,
And by the well-known Joy to diſtant Plains
Attracted ſtrong, all wild, he burſts away;
O'er Rocks, and Woods, and craggy Mountains flies,
And neighing on th' aerial Summit takes
Th' informing Gale; then ſteep-deſcending ſtems
The headlong Torrents foaming down the Hills,
Even where the Madneſs of the ſtraiten'd Stream
Turns in black Eddies round: Such is the Force
With which his frantic Heart, and Sinews ſwell.

Nor, undelighted by the boundleſs *Spring*,
Are the broad Monſters of the Deep: thro' all
Their oozy Caves, and gelid Kingdoms rous'd,
They flounce, and tumble in unwieldy Joy.
Dire were the Strain, and diſſonant, to ſing
The cruel Raptures of the Savage Kind;
How the red Lioneſs, her Whelps forgot
Amid the thoughtleſs Fury of her Heart,
The lank rapacious Wolf, th' unſhapely Bear,

The ſpotted Tyger, felleſt of the Fell,
And all the Terrors of the *Lybian* Swain,
By this new Flame their Native Wrath ſublim'd,
Roam the reſounding Waſte in fiercer Bands,
And growl their horrid Loves. But this the Theme
I ſing, tranſported to the *Britiſh* Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the Mountain-brow,
Where ſits the Shepherd on the graſſy Turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the deſcending Sun.
Around Him feeds his many-bleating Flock,
Of various Cadence; and his ſportive Lambs,
This way and that convolv'd in friskful Glee,
Their little Frolicks play. And now the Race
Invites them forth; when ſwift, the Signal given,
They ſtart away, and ſweep the circly Mound
That runs around the Hill; the Rampart once
Of Iron War, in antient barbarous Times,
When diſunited *Britain* ever bled,
Loſt in eternal Broil; ere yet ſhe grew
To this deep-laid, indiſſoluble State,

Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift their golden Head,
And o'er our Labours *Liberty* and *Law*
Illuſtrious watch, the Wonder of a World!

WHAT is this *mighty Breath*, ye Curious, ſay,
Which, in a Language rather felt than heard,
Inſtructs the Fowls of Heaven; and thro' their Breaſts
Theſe Arts of Love diffuſes? --- What? but *GOD!*
Inſpiring *GOD!* who boundleſs Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Subſiſts, adjuſts, and agitates the Whole.
He ceaſeleſs works alone, and yet alone
Seems not to work, ſo exquiſitely fram'd
Is this complex, amazing Scene of Things.
But tho' conceal'd, to every purer Eye
Th' informing Author in his Works appears;
His Grandeur in the Heavens: the Sun, and Moon,
Whether that fires the Day, or falling this
Pours out a lucid Softneſs o'er the Night,
Are but a Beam from Him. The glittering Stars,

By

By the deep Ear of Meditation heard,
Still in their Midnight Watches ſing of Him.
He nods a Calm. The Tempeſt blows His Wrath,
Roots up the Foreſt, and o'erturns the Main.
The Thunder is His Voice; and the red Flaſh
His ſpeedy Sword of Juſtice. At His Touch
The Mountains flame. He takes the ſolid Earth,
And rocks the Nations. Nor in theſe alone,
In every common Inſtance *GOD* is ſeen;
And to the Man, who caſts his mental Eye
Abroad, unnotic'd Wonders riſe. But chief
In Thee, Boon *Spring*, and in thy ſofter Scenes,
The *Smiling GOD* appears; while Water, Earth,
And Air atteſt his Bounty, which inſtils
Into the Brutes this temporary Thought,
And annual melts their undeſigning Hearts
Profuſely thus in Tenderneſs, and Joy.

STILL let my Song a nobler Note aſſume,
And ſing th' infuſive Force of *Spring* on Man;

When Heaven and Earth, as if contending, vie
To raiſe his Being, and ſerene his Soul.
Can he forbear to ſmile with *Nature*? Can
The ſtormy Paſſions in his Boſom rowl,
While every Gale is Peace, and every Grove
Is Melody? Hence, from the bounteous Walks
Of flowing *Spring*, ye ſordid Sons of Earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of Another's Woe,
Or only laviſh to Yourſelves, ---- away.
But come, ye generous Breaſts, in whoſe wide Thought,
Of all his Works, *Creative Bounty*, moſt,
Divinely burns; and on your open Front,
And liberal Eye, ſits, from his dark Retreat
Inviting modeſt Want. Nor only fair,
And eaſy of Approach; your active Search
Leaves no cold wintry Corner unexplor'd,
Like ſilent-working *Heaven*, ſurprizing oft
The lonely Heart with unexpected Good.
For you the roving Spirit of the Wind
Blows *Spring* abroad, for you the teeming Clouds

Deſcend

Deſcend in buxom Plenty o'er the World,
And the Sun ſpreads his genial Blaze for you,
Ye flower of Human Race! In theſe green Days,
Sad-pining Sickneſs lifts her languid Head;
Life flows afreſh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole Creation round. Contentment walks
The Sunny Glade, and feels an inward Bliſs
Spring o'er his Mind, beyond the Pride of Kings
E'er to beſtow. Serenity apace
Induces Thought, and Contemplation ſtill.
By ſmall Degrees the Love of Nature works,
And warms the Boſom; till at laſt arriv'd
To Rapture, and enthuſiaſtic Heat,
We feel the preſent *Deity*, and taſte
The Joy of *GOD*, to ſee a happy World.

'Tis *Harmony*, that World-embracing Power,
By which all Beings are adjuſted, each
To all around, impelling and impell'd
In endleſs Circulation, that inſpires

This

This univerſal Smile. Thus the glad Skies,
The wide-rejoycing Earth, the Woods, the Streams,
With every *Life* they hold, down to the Flower
That paints the lowly Vale, or Inſect-Wing
Wav'd o'er the Shepherd's Slumber, touch the Mind
To Nature tun'd, with a light-flying Hand,
Inviſible; quick-urging, thro' the Nerves,
The glittering Spirits, in a Flood of Day.

HENCE from the Virgin's Cheek, a freſher Bloom
Shoots, leſs and leſs, the live Carnation round;
Her Lips bluſh deeper Sweets; ſhe breathes of Youth;
The ſhining Moiſture ſwells into her Eyes,
In brighter Flow; her wiſhing Boſom heaves
With Palpitations wild; kind Tumults ſeize
Her Veins, and all her yielding Soul is Love.
From the keen Gaze her Lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecſtatic Power, and ſick
With ſighing Languiſhment. Ah then, ye Fair!
Be greatly cautious of your ſliding Hearts;

Dare

Dare not th' infectious Sigh, the pleading Eye
In meek Submiſſion dreſt, deject, and low,
But full of tempting Guile. Let not the Tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with Adulation ſmooth,
Gain on your purpos'd Wills. Nor in the Bower,
Where Woodbines flaunt, and Roſes ſhed a Couch,
While Evening draws her crimſon'd Curtains round,
Truſt your ſoft Minutes with betraying Man.

And let th' aſpiring Youth beware of Love,
And ſhun th' enchanting Glance, for 'tis too late
When on his Heart the Torrent Softneſs pours.
Then Intereſt ſinks to Dirt, and diſtant Fame
Diſſolves in Air away. While the fond Soul
Is wrapt in Dreams of Ecſtacy, and Bliſs;
Still paints th' illuſive Form, the kindling Grace,
Th' alluring Smile, the full æthereal Eye
Effuſing Heaven; and liſtens ardent ſtill
To the ſmall Voice, where Harmony and Wit,
A modeſt, melting, mingled Sweetneſs, flow.

No

No ſooner is the fair Idea form'd,
And Contemplation fixes on the Theme,
Than from his own Creation wild He flies,
Sick of a Shadow. Abſence comes apace,
And ſhoots his every Pang into his Breaſt.
'Tis nought but Gloom around. The darken'd Sun
Loſes his Light. The roſy-boſom'd *Spring*
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright Arch
Of Heaven low-bends into a dusky Vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and She alone
Heard, felt, and ſeen, poſſeſſes every Thought,
Fills every Senſe, and pants in every Vein.
Books are but formal Dulneſs, tedious Friends,
And ſad amid the Social Band he ſits,
Lonely, and inattentive. From the Tongue
Th' unfiniſh'd Period falls: while, born away
On ſwelling Thought, his wafted Spirit flies
To the dear Boſom of his abſent Fair;
And leaves the Semblance of a Lover, fix'd
In melancholy Site, with Head declin'd,

And Love-dejected Eyes. Sudden he ſtarts,
Shook from his tender Trance, and reſtleſs runs
To glimmering Shades, and ſympathetic Glooms,
Where the dun Umbrage o'er the falling Stream
Romantic hangs; there thro' the penſive Dusk
Strays, in Heart-thrilling Meditation loſt,
Indulging all to Love: or on the Bank
Thrown, amid drooping Lillies, ſwells the Breeze
With Sighs unceaſing, and the Brook with Tears.
Thus in ſoft Anguiſh he conſumes the Day;
Nor quits his deep Retirement, till the Moon
Peeps thro' the Chambers of the fleecy Eaſt,
Enlighten'd by Degrees, and in her Train
Leads on the gentle Hours; then forth He walks,
Beneath the trembling Languiſh of her Beams,
With ſoften'd Soul, and wooes the Bird of Eve
To mingle Woes with his: or while the World,
And all the Sons of Care lie huſh'd in Sleep,
Aſſociates with the Mid-night Shadows drear,
And, ſighing to the lonely Taper, pours

His ſweetly-tortur'd Heart into the Page
Meant for the moving Meſſenger of Love.
But ah how faint, how meaningleſs, and poor
To what his Paſſion ſwells! which burſts the Bounds
Of every Eloquence, and asks for Looks,
Where Fondneſs flows on Fondneſs, Love on Love,
Entwiſting Beams with Her's, and ſpeaking more
Than ever charm'd, ecſtatic Poet ſigh'd
To liſtening Beauty, bright with conſcious Smiles,
And graceful Vanity. But if on Bed
Delirious flung, Sleep from his Pillow flies.
All Night he toſſes, nor the balmy Power
In any Poſture finds; 'till the grey Morn
Lifts her pale Luſtre on the paler Wretch,
Exanimate by Love: and then perhaps
Exhauſted Nature ſinks a-while to Reſt,
Still interrupted by diſorder'd Dreams,
That o'er the ſick Imagination riſe,
And in black Colours paint the mimic Scene.
Oft with the Charmer of his Soul he talks;

Sometimes in Crowds diſtreſt; or if retir'd
To ſecret-winding, Flower-inwoven Bowers,
Far from the dull Impertinence of Man,
Juſt as He kneeling all his former Cares
Begins to loſe in vaſt oblivious Love,
Snatch'd from her yielded Hand, he knows not how,
Thro' Foreſts huge, and long untravel'd Heaths
With Deſolation brown, he wanders waſte,
In Night and Tempeſt wrapt; or ſhrinks aghaſt,
Back, from the bending Precipice; or wades
The turbid Stream below, and ſtrives to reach
The farther Shore, where ſuccourleſs, and ſad,
His Dearer Life extends her beckoning Arms,
But ſtrives in vain, born by th' outragious Flood
To Diſtance down, he rides the ridgy Wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling Eddy ſinks.
Then a weak, wailing, lamentable Cry
Is heard, and all in Tears he wakes, again
To tread the Circle of revolving Woe.
Theſe are the charming Agonies of Love,

Whoſe Miſery delights. But thro' the Heart
Should Jealouſy it's Venom once diffuſe,
'Tis then delightful Miſery no more,
But Agony unmixt, inceſſant Rage,
Corroding every Thought, and blaſting all
The Paradiſe of Love. Ye Fairy Proſpects then,
Ye Beds of Roſes, and ye Bowers of Joy,
Farewell! Ye Gleamings of departing Peace,
Shine out your laſt! The yellow-tinging Plague
Internal Viſion taints, and in a Night
Of livid Gloom Imagination wraps.
Ay then, inſtead of Love-enliven'd Cheeks,
Of Sunny Features, and of ardent Eyes
With flowing Rapture bright, dark Looks ſucceed,
Suffus'd, and glaring with untender Fire,
A clouded Aſpect, and a burning Cheek,
Where the whole poiſon'd Soul, malignant, ſits,
And frightens Love away. Ten thouſand Fears,
Invented wild, ten thouſand frantic Views
Of horrid Rivals, hanging on the Charms

For

For which he melts in Fondneſs, eat him up
With fervent Anguiſh, and conſuming Pine.
In vain Reproaches lend their idle Aid,
Deceitful Pride, and Reſolution frail,
Giving a Moment's Eaſe. Reflection pours,
Afreſh, her Beauties on his buſy Thought,
Her firſt Endearments, twining round the Soul,
With all the Witchcraft of enſnaring Love.
Strait the fierce Storm involves his Mind anew,
Flames thro' the Nerves, and boils along the Veins;
While anxious Doubt diſtracts the tortur'd Heart;
For even the ſad Aſſurance of his Fears
Were Heaven to what he feels. Thus the warm Youth,
Whom Love deludes into his thorny Wilds,
Thro' flowery-tempting Paths, or leads a Life
Of feavor'd Rapture, or of cruel Care;
His brighteſt Aims extinguiſh'd all, and all
His lively Moments running down to Waſte.

But happy They! the Happieſt of their Kind!
Whom gentler Stars unite, and in one Fate
Their Hearts, their Fortunes, and their Beings blend.
'Tis not the courſer Tie of human Laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the Mind,
Which binds their Peace, but Harmony itſelf,
Attuning all their Paſſions into Love;
Where Friendſhip full-exerts his ſofteſt Power,
Perfect Eſteem enliven'd by Deſire
Ineffable, and Sympathy of Soul,
Thought meeting Thought, and Will preventing Will,
With boundleſs Confidence; for nought but Love
Can anſwer Love, and render Bliſs ſecure.
Let Him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid Parents buys
The loathing Virgin, in eternal Care,
Well-merited, conſume his Nights and Days.
Let barbarous Nations, whoſe inhuman Love
Is wild Deſire fierce as the Suns they feel,
Let Eaſtern Tyrants from the Light of Heaven

Seclude

Seclude their Boſom-ſlaves, meanly poſſeſt
Of a meer, lifeleſs, violated Form:
While thoſe whom Love cements, in holy Faith,
And equal Tranſport, free as Nature, live,
Diſdaining Fear; for what's the World to them,
It's Pomp, it's Pleaſure, and it's Nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High Fancy forms, and laviſh Hearts can wiſh,
Something than Beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the Mind, or Mind-illumin'd Face,
Truth, Goodneſs, Honour, Harmony and Love,
The richeſt Bounty of indulgent *Heaven*.
Mean-time a ſmiling Offspring riſes round,
And mingles both their Graces. By degrees,
The human Bloſſom blows; and every Day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhows ſome new Charm,
The Father's Luſtre, and the Mother's Bloom.
Then infant Reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind Hand of an aſſiduous Care:
Delightful Task! to rear the tender Thought,

To

To teach the young Idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh Inſtruction o'er the Mind,
To breathe th' inſpiring Spirit, and to plant
The generous Purpoſe in the glowing Breaſt.
Oh ſpeak the Joy! You, whom the ſudden Tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your Eye but Sights of Bliſs,
All various Nature preſſing on the Heart,
Obedient Fortune, and approving *Heaven*.
Theſe are the Bleſſings of diviner Love;
And thus their Moments fly; the *Seaſons* thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring World they roll,
Still find Them happy; and conſenting SPRING
Sheds her own roſy Garland on their Head:
Till Evening comes at laſt, cool, gentle, calm;
When after the long vernal Day of Life,
Enamour'd more, as Soul approaches Soul,
Together, down They ſink in ſocial Sleep.

THE END.

ERRATA.

PAGE 13, line 12, for *retracted* read *refracted*; p. 18, l. 12, for *these* read *those*; p. 25, l. 21, for *Flavours* read *Flowers*.

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FOUR SEASONS,

With a Hymn on their Succeſſion.

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